



End of the Road



136 6 13

Chapter 1 by Katherine

All my life I have been running away from the past but it always seems to catch up to me. When I hide, it always finds away into my mind. Now I am not just running away from the past, but from the people who want me back. I have been told that one day, there will be an end to this road. A road block saying that I can run no further. And when that road block comes, I will be stuck in the past for the rest of eternity.

Chapter 2 by Jacqueline



My mind will wander off into a wasteland of memories. I am not human, I'm not an imagination. I am merely a reflection, a shadow. I will lurk behind in the past when that block comes, I will not exist.

Chapter 3 by Sydney Jett



The light tries to seep in and change my direction, but I won't let it. It's the voices in my head I tell myself, they want you to go back, but I won't. They scratch the inside of my head making claw marks as they do so. They want out. I don't know what's real anymore. All I see is that road. They all

said don't play with the devil he always cheats but I didn't listen, and I don't regret it. They all said I walked with the darkness and I had all seen ghost brighter than my soul. They all told me that somewhere out there I had lost myself in my pain. I was a saint with the lips of a sinner, and I was stuck in the past when that time comes along with all the demon and voices in my head trying to get out, and no one can

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help me. I am alone..but what they didn't know was that the shadow betrayed them because they serve me.I may not exist in this world but I do in another.

Chapter 4 by Allykat8888



When making a deal with the devil one must know what's at stake. Blah, blah, your mortal soul, blah, Your body and control, blah, blah BLAH! No. What the **Real** price is something much worse. Your mind. While your soul is your main possession, your mind is the one that thinks so. The devil can take your intermost thoughts, your goals in life that you **MUST** pursue and he can rip them out of your head.

I stumble along this road waiting, paitently for the end of the road. It is not something I look forward to, not at all. But when something ends..

Something new begins.

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